

The Critic

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A Hundred and Twenty-five Great Authors.

WE PUBLISH to-day a list of authors to which reference has already been made in some of the New York papers. It is intended to comprise the names of those writers whom an English or American reader, aiming at a broad literary culture, can least well afford to leave unread. It differs from the somewhat similar lists recently printed in England in being a catalogue, not of a given number of books, but of a given number of writers. This rule is only departed from in two or three cases, such as those of the Bible and Lamb's 'Specimens' of the Elizabethan dramatists, where the work is that of many hands. It was our original intention to restrict the list to one hundred names; but some of the writers necessarily omitted from so brief a bead-roll were so indispensable to its value, that we have preferred to extend it to one hundred and twenty-five.

Printed slips of the original list of one hundred names—which we took pains to describe as a merely tentative one—were sent to many of the best known *littérateurs* in America, with a request for suggestions tending toward the catalogue's improvement. In this way we have received the assistance and advice of such competent judges as E. C. Stedman, D. G. Mitchell, Prof. C. E. Norton, John Esten Cooke, James Freeman Clarke, Maurice Thompson, George William Curtis, C. P. Cranch, John Hay, Edward Eggleston, President Mark Hopkins, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Marion Crawford, R. H. Stoddard, J. G. Whittier, Rev. T. T. Munger, Julian Hawthorne, Noah Brooks, John Burroughs, George Cary Eggleston, Rev. David Swing, H. C. Lodge, Prof. F. J. Child, Asa Gray, Julia Ward Howe, Prof. C. A. Young, Dr. Howard Crosby, R. W. Gilder, Frank R. Stockton, Sydney Howard Gay, Dr. W. T. Harris, Harriet W. Preston, and E. E. Hale. But no one of these is responsible for the list as it stands; nor should they be held collectively responsible for it.

As a rule, their suggestions took the form of additions. Very few names were stricken from the list as it stood. In the case of two or three prolific authors whose 'complete works' were mentioned in our experimental list, it was suggested that 'select works' be substituted—as in the case of Voltaire, who wrote, we believe, some seventy volumes. Where this substitution has been made, it is indicated by the use of italic type. The twenty-five authors' names added to the original list are also printed in italics. We have in hand a mass of interesting correspondence on the subject of lists of this sort in general, and the following list in particular, some of which will be published in our next issue. In the same number will be printed a list of the one hundred American authors, of the past as well as of the present, who are perhaps most worthy of consideration by their fellow-countrymen of to-day.

Of course, we do not mean to imply that the appended list includes all the authors whose acquaintance an English-

speaking reader of to-day can profitably cultivate. Nor do we pretend that it names the one hundred and twenty-five authors of greatest note. All that we do claim for it is set forth in the second sentence of this article.

ADDISON. The Spectator.
ÆSCHYLUS. Tragedies.
ÆSOP. Fables.
ANDERSEN. Fairy Tales.
ARABIAN NIGHTS, translated by LANE.
Ariosto. Orlando Furioso.
ARISTOPHANES. Comedies.
ARISTOTLE. Ethics, Poetics.
AURELIUS, MARCUS. Meditations.
BACON. Essays.
BALZAC (DE), H. Le Père Goriot, La Peau de Chagrin, La Recherche de l'Absolu, Les Celibataires.
BIBLE.
BOCCACCIO. The Decameron.
Brontë. Novels.
BROWNING, ROBERT. Poetical Works.
BUNYAN. Pilgrim's Progress.
BURKE. Select Works.
BURNS. Poems.
BYRON. Poems.
CÆSAR. Commentaries.
Calderon. Select Plays.
Camœns. The Lusiad.
CARLYLE. Sartor Resartus, Heroes and Hero-Worship, The French Revolution, Frederick the Great, Essays.
CERVANTES. Don Quixote.
CHAUCER. Poetical Works.
CHRYSOSTOM. Epistles, Homiletics.
CICERO. Orations, Letters.
COLERIDGE. Complete Works.
COMMON PRAYER, BOOK OF.
CONFUCIUS. Analects, translated by Legge.
Corneille. Tragedies.
Coucher. Poems, Letters.
DANTE. Divina Commedia, Vita Nuova.
DARWIN. Origin of Species, Descent of Man.
DEFOE. Robinson Crusoe.
DEMOSTHENES. Orations.
DE QUINCEY. Confessions of an Opium Eater, Miscellaneous Essays, Literary Reminiscences.
DICKENS. Novels, Tales, Sketches.
DIDEROT. Select Works.
DRAMA, THE. Lamb's Specimens of Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakspeare.
DRYDEN. Poetical Works.
ELIOT, GEORGE. Novels.
EMERSON. Complete Works.
EPICTETUS. Enchiridion.
EURIPIDES. Tragedies.
Fielding. Novels.
FRANKLIN. Autobiography.
FONTAINE (LA). Fables.
GIBBON. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
GOETHE. Sorrows of Werther, Wilhelm Meister, Faust, Hermann and Dorothea, Dramas.
GOLDSMITH. Vicar of Wakefield, Poems, Plays.
GRAY. Poems.
GREEN. History of the English People.
GRIMM. Household Tales.
HALLAM. Introduction to the Literature of Europe.
HAWTHORNE. Complete Works.
Heine. Poems.
HERODOTUS. History of Greece.
HOLMES. Autocrat, Professor, Poems.
HOMER. Iliad, Odyssey.
HORACE. Poems.
HUGO. Les Misérables, Notre Dame de Paris, Les Travailleurs de la Mer, Dramatic Works, Poems.

HUMBOLDT. *Cosmos, Travels.*
 Irving. *Select Works.*
 JOHNSON. *Rasselas, Lives of the Poets, Life of (by Boswell).*
 Kant. *Critique of Pure Reason.*
 KEATS. *Poetical Works, Letters.*
 KEMPIS (A), THOMAS. *Imitation of Christ.*
 LAMB. *Complete Works.*
 LANDOR. *Pericles and Aspasia, Selections from the Imaginary Conversations.*
 Lessing. *The Laocoön, Emilia Galotti, Minna von Barnhelm.*
 LIVY. *History of Rome.*
 Longfellow. *Complete Works.*
 LOWELL. *Complete Works.*
 Macaulay. *Works.*
 Manzoni. *The Betrothed.*
 Mill. *Logic, Political Economy.*
 MOHAMMED. *Koran.*
 MILTON. *Poems, Select Prose Works.*
 Molière. *Comedies.*
 MONTAIGNE. *Essays.*
 MORE. *Utopia.*
 NEWMAN. *Apologia pro Vita Sua.*
 OMAR KHAYYAM. *Rubáiyát (translated by Edward Fitzgerald).*
 PASCAL. *Pensées, Lettres Provinciales.*
 PERCY. *Reliques.*
 PINDAR. *Odes.*
 PLATO. *Complete Works.*
 PLINY. *Letters.*
 PLUTARCH. *Lives, Morals.*
 POPE. *Poetical Works.*
 Racine. *Tragedies, History of Port Royal.*
 Renan. *Life of Jesus.*
 Richardson. *Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, Sir Charles Grandison.*
 ROUSSEAU. *Confessions.*
 RUSKIN. *Select Works.*
 SAGE (LE). *Gil Blas.*
 SAINTE-BEUVE. *Causeries du Lundi.*
 St. Pierre (de). *Paul and Virginia.*
 SAND, GEORGE. *Indiana, Valentine, Lélia, Consuelo, Spiridion, Correspondence.*
 SCHILLER. *William Tell, Wallenstein, Mary Stuart, History of the Thirty Years' War, Poems.*
 Schopenhauer. *The World as Will and Idea.*
 SCOTT. *Novels, Life of Napoleon, Poetical Works.*
 SHAKESPEARE. *Complete Works.*
 SHELLEY. *Complete Works.*
 Smollett. *Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker.*
 SPENCER, HERBERT. *Philosophical Works.*
 SPENSER, EDMUND. *Poetical Works.*
 Spinoza. *Ethics.*
 Sterne. *A Sentimental Journey, Tristram Shandy.*
 SWIFT. *Gulliver's Travels, Tale of a Tub, Battle of the Books.*
 TASSO. *Jerusalem Delivered.*
 TAYLOR. *Holy Living and Dying.*
 TENNYSON. *Poetical Works.*
 THACKERAY. *Complete Works.*
 THEOCRITUS. *Poems.*
 THUCYDIDES. *History of the Peloponnesian War.*
 TOURGUÉNEFF. *Complete Works.*
 Veda, *The.*
 VERGIL. *Poetical Works.*
 VOLTAIRE. *Select Works.*
 WALTON. *Complete Angler, Lives.*
 WHITE. *Natural History of Selborne.*
 WORDSWORTH. *Poems.*
 XENOPHON. *Anabasis.*

Reviews

Furness's Variorum "Othello."*

THERE are two men—one on this, one on the other side of the Atlantic—whose names will stand out pre-eminent in the literary history of our day for their splendid labors of love in Shakspearian research and interpretation. James Orchard Halliwell-Phillips, whose works in this line form a library in themselves, and who has done more to ascertain and verify for us the facts in the poet's life as a man, an actor, and an author, than all his predecessors put together, has said that he should as soon think of making money by sailing a yacht as by writing books about Shakspeare; and Horace Howard Furness, we may be sure, would say as much, if it were not for the fear that he might be suspected of a certain self-complacency in referring to what he has done as a gratuitous contribution to Shakspeare literature. When the first volume of his New Variorum Edition of the dramatist appeared—the 'Romeo and Juliet'—the price of the book was put by the publishers at \$7.50, which was reasonable enough, considering the character of the work and the elegant style in which it was brought out; but later he insisted upon having the price reduced to the almost ridiculously low figure of \$4 a volume—which could never pay him a penny for the immense labor bestowed upon the edition, even if the sales were treble what might be expected of a work of that class. He was willing to give the labor, if the publishers could be decently remunerated for placing its results before those whom it was designed to help. Just so Halliwell-Phillips has made the price of his monumental work, modestly called 'Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare,' a paltry seven-and-sixpence; and the sixth edition, about to appear, if not already issued, which is enlarged to two royal octavo volumes, sumptuous in paper, print, and illustrations, is to be sold for half a guinea—say \$2.50 in our currency.

The sixth volume, being the fifth play—'Othello'—of Mr. Furness's edition has now been published, and is marked by some new features, suggested by his experience with the earlier instalments. The most noteworthy of these is the adoption of the First Folio text instead of one prepared by the editor himself. We believe that this will be warmly approved by the great majority of students and critics. With all its faults and imperfections, this first collected edition of the plays is the main foundation of the vast superstructure that critics and commentators have reared upon it. It is the only basis for the text of many of the plays, and shares with the early quartos in furnishing the basis for the rest. It is the original from which all *varia lectiones* diverge, and as such it seems to be the appropriate text for an edition intended to record these various readings. The variations should be made subordinate to that from which they vary, not to what is itself a mere selection from the variations.

It is to the everlasting honor of American scholarship that the first essentially complete and thoroughly accurate edition of this kind should have had its inception here. This credit has been universally conceded to the Cambridge Edition, simply because scholars and critics have accepted its collation of former texts without attempting to verify it. Occasional errors have been detected and pointed out, but these have been assumed to be the pardonable slips incidental to an undertaking of such magnitude and complexity. There are scarce half a dozen scholars in the world who can ever have occasion to subject the collation to any minute or extended scrutiny. Should they test it in this way, they would be amazed at its inaccuracy. We know whereof we affirm when we say that it swarms with errors; while Furness's collation is a marvel of accuracy. Let any one who has access to a large Shakspearian library verify the readings as given in a few pages of one of Furness's volumes and in

* Othello. Vol. VI. of the New Variorum Edition of Shakspeare's Works. Edited by H. H. Furness. \$4. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

as many of one of the Cambridge Edition, and judge for himself. The new Cambridge, now in course of preparation, may prove to be better than the old; but at present Furness's is the one thoroughly trustworthy authority in existence for the *varia lectio* of the five plays it covers.

In its summary of the annotations and comments of all former editors and critics worth the trouble—and some that are not—this elaborate and scholarly work has no rival whatever. No other edition attempts this task in addition to the collation of the texts; and it is done so exhaustively and with such excellent judgment and taste by Mr. Furness that it need never be done over again. All that the 'variorum' editor of a century hence will have to do will be to supplement the labors of his predecessor with a summary of the century's additions to Shakspeare literature. Would that Furness could be sure of the hundred years more that are wanted for completing the stupendous task he has undertaken! *Servus in cælum redeat!* will be the prayer of all good Shakspearians, with the added petition that when he is called away to the well-earned rest and reward, his mantle may fall upon a worthy successor.

Chaldæa and Norway.*

IN THE series of hand-books on the history and character of the great nations of both ancient and modern times, the happy idea of the Messrs. Putnam, 'Chaldæa' is the fourth volume (1). In every way it admirably serves the purpose for which it was written. It is brief, concise, accurate and trustworthy. All that the general reader can wish to know about the history and the peoples of Chaldæa and Assyria is here to be found. The introduction, in four chapters, describes Mesopotamia, its mounds, and those who have searched them for history; Layard and his work; the ruins as they have been presented to modern investigators; and the Book of the Past as found in the library of Nineveh. Then the eight chapters of the main part of the work take up the story of Chaldæa itself. First are described the nomads and the four stages of human life, then comes an account of the great races which lived in and about this region. These chapters are followed by those on Turanian Chaldæa and the beginnings of religion, early Chaldæan history, the Babylonian religion, legends and stories, heroes and the mythical epos, and a discussion of the relations of the Chaldæan legends to the book of Genesis. In the three hundred and sixty-nine pages of this volume is to be found the substance of all that has been written on the subject, carefully digested and produced in a manner fresh and suggestive. Two maps and numerous illustrations help to make it an extremely useful volume, which may be used in the Bible class, by the clergyman or by the general student with equal facility and profit. For all but the specialist it may supersede Layard, Rawlinson, Smith and all the other firsthand investigators. It brings together the results obtained by all these men, and in a manner comprehensible by every reader.

Sainte-Beuve said that all good criticism was a little optimistic: the critic must perforce see good in what he criticizes, or forfeit his best right to the name. Fortunately in the admirable Story of the Nations Series there is little to put the critic in any but an optimistic humor. Following the brilliant 'Story of Chaldæa' by Mme. Ragozin—a book which does not seem to have been fully appreciated yet—comes 'The Story of Norway' (2), by H. H. Boyesen. That Prof. Boyesen was peculiarly fitted for his task goes without saying. A Norseman by birth, the possessor of a limpid English style, he is seen from this book to be deeply versed in the history and legends, the poetry and archæology of his native land, and he reproduces them for his reader in a way to make them penetrating and memorable. Perhaps his chapters might have been more graphically grouped, more

artistically shaded, less perplexed with dates, more full of stories; the outlines of Norwegian history simply might have been taken, and the varied and picturesque sagas wrought into them in greater abundance, since Norwegian history itself is unimportant. But we need not quarrel with the author's plan, which is consistently carried out, nor with his artistic defects, which are not glaring. We take what he has given us, and are thankful to find the story of the peninsula so full of meat. One complaint—if we had one—would be that the design of this series is to approach 'history' through 'story,' to reach the Hesperides through saga-haunted gates, to tell the story of the nations to youth largely through anecdote, parable, and fable; and that 'The Story of Norway,' though it had unimaginable riches of event and *märchen* in the antique sagas and Eddas to back it, has not availed itself quite so abundantly of this material as perhaps—considering the audience addressed—it should. Moreover, the title should have included 'Iceland,' which is infinitely the most piquant part of the story, and indeed worthy, like Venice, of a separate volume to itself. There is a lack of proportion in the number of chapters devoted to ancient and mediæval Norway (thirty-four) and to modern Norway (two). Still, apart from these incidental shortcomings—if shortcomings they be—the book is a valuable contribution to Norwegian history, an important link in the storied chain of which it forms a part, and a beautifully manufactured, printed, and illustrated picture-book of Norse life. It fills delightfully another *metope* in that pan-historic procession with which its publishers are girdling the Temple of Youth.

"Haphazard Personalities."*

MR. LANMAN would have made a capital Boswell, if he only could have found his Johnson. Such a combination being out of the question, in these degenerate days, he has rendered equally good service by giving us his reminiscences of some forty notable men with whom he has had to do. That his own personality enters so largely into the narration is not a blemish, as many reviewers have taken the pains to point out, but one of the very elements that give piquancy and charm to his book. Precise and formal biographies, wrought out by rule and line, according to the best critical dicta, one may find any day, and in any quantity; let us welcome the rarer annalist whom no fears of the cry of egotism deter from putting himself into his story as often as is essential to its point and completeness. We already know a good deal about these forty men; what we want, and what we find in this volume, is not a lot of general facts and incidents, but details of their relations with the chronicler. Thus we really arrive at a more intimate acquaintance with these persons than we should otherwise obtain; and that we also incidentally learn much about the gossiping narrator is no detriment to our enjoyment.

The 'personalities' concern such characters as Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Clay, Everett, Greeley, Kane, Dickens, Tupper, Gen. Scott, McClellan and others of note in war, literature, science and politics. The pages abound in anecdotes illustrative of their habits of thought, mental and social qualities, and manner of life, while numerous letters give additional revelations of peculiarities of disposition. Irving said that his 'Knickerbocker' cost him more hard work than any other of his writings, though he considered it the most original of his productions. He never had a headache, and for twenty years was not conscious of the least bodily suffering. He usually wrote with great rapidity; some of the most popular passages in his books were composed with the utmost ease, while the more uninteresting ones were those which had given him most trouble. Longfellow's 'Excelsior' was suggested by the lofty sentiments contained in a letter received from Charles Sumner. 'The

* 1. The Story of Chaldæa. By Zénaïde A. Ragozin. 2. The Story of Norway. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. \$1.50 each. (The Story of the Nations Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Haphazard Personalities, Chiefly of Noted Americans. By Charles Lanman. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Psalm of Life' was the spontaneous outgrowth of his own mind, and so slightly esteemed by the author that he hesitated to give it to the public. 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' was written one December midnight, when the poet's mind was full of tidings of recent shipwrecks off the Gloucester coast. Mr. Lanman complains of the 'pittance' received for this fine poem, but he should take into account Park Benjamin's letter accompanying the check, and beginning as follows:—'Your ballad, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," is grand. Inclosed are twenty-five dollars (the sum you mentioned) for it, paid by the proprietors of *The New York World*, in which glorious paper it will resplendently coruscate on Saturday next.' This 'glorious paper' was a mammoth weekly, established in 1840, or thereabouts, by Mr. Benjamin, and conducted by him for five years 'with an enterprise, a gusto, and an ability which gave the American people some new ideas in regard to periodical literature.' The best writers of the day were among its contributors, and for a time it was the leading authority upon literary matters. Mr. Benjamin also originated the plan of republishing in cheap form the most popular books issued in England. Fond of entertaining his friends, he gave delightful little dinner-parties, at which the repast was excelled only by the brilliancy of the conversation. He was an admirable reader, and an amusing instance is related of the fascinating power of his elocution.

Among the many remarkable letters in the volume is one from George P. Marsh, describing, from memory, his valuable collection of books and engravings, and giving some hints on art. After advising the study of natural history, especially botany, geology and meteorology, as an aid to the cultivation of the eye, he says: 'Don't be led astray by Hazlitt, who was but a coxcomb in matters of art, after all. No Englishman ever had, or can have, a true idea on the theory of art. . . . Keep in mind the distinction between the art of seeing and the faculty of sight, for herein lies the difference between the artist and the man.' Equally entertaining is Mr. Lanman's picturesque account of the library of Peter Force, with its fifty thousand rare works on American history, occupying seven rooms of an old, dingy brick building in Washington, its silence unbroken except by an occasional visitor and the presence of an assortment of dogs and cats, who shared with mice and spiders the guardianship of the treasures. From Charles Mackay our author first heard of Thackeray's singular indifference to the works of nature; and that he did not have the curiosity to visit Niagara, when in this country. 'I had always been amazed at my own inability to wade through the novels of this famous author, but that information settled the whole question. He could, of course, describe a fashionable and heartless woman to perfection; but, for myself, I have no fancy for society follies when gone to seed.'

The much-abused Tupper will be consoled to read that 'the motive which prompted his "Proverbial Philosophy" was creditable and Christian-like; it was not equal to Shakespeare, nor did it aspire to such a position; it carried pure and comforting thoughts into thousands of domestic circles, without leaving behind it the slime which emanates from the popular or fashionable press; and I have thought that I would much prefer to be shut up from the world with that curious book than with a thousand and one of the novels and scientific dissertations which flood the bookstalls and libraries of the present day.' Though passing so much of his life at Washington, and associating so intimately with the nation's rulers—his 'Dictionary of Congress' being his great work,—Mr. Lanman seems not to have figured largely as a politician. His first and only vote at a Presidential election was cast for Henry Clay. He wrote a campaign life of Gen. Scott, which, he thinks, contributed to the election of Pierce; 'nor did I ever,' says he, 'try to help a political friend into the Presidency, without blasting his prospects forevermore.' The volume is so abundant in entertainment, that the author's intimation in the preface,

that his store of recollections is by no means exhausted, but may be drawn upon again, will not be received with alarm.

An Indictment of the Railroads.*

ALL that can be said against the present system of railroad management in this country is said by Mr. Hudson. His indictment is severe in the extreme, but we believe it is in the main just. He may now and then exaggerate the situation; and yet we cannot but think the facts he presents are in themselves an indictment of the severest kind. He writes in the interests of the people, calmly and without passion, as one who thoroughly understands his subject, and in harmony with many others who have dealt with the same problems. It does not appear that he has a pet theory to defend or a personal grievance to put before the public, for his manner of dealing with his subject is quite other than would grow out of such a motive. In his second chapter he gives a full history of the Standard Oil Company, and of the means by which it became a gigantic monopoly. In his sixth chapter he fully discusses the pooling system of the great railroads, and shows wherein it is an outrage on the rights of the people. Other chapters show in what manner the railroads defy the laws of the Republic and of the separate States, how they control Legislatures, and in what way they are enabled to go on with their corporate monopolies. Chapter eight unfolds the manner of setting aside competition by the development of combinations, and how it is that the people are not benefited by the healthy processes of trade. The railroad has been a wonderful power in the development of the United States, doing marvellous things in peopling the wilderness of the great West. The good it has done has been so great that immense powers have been given to it, all it asked for granted, and millions of acres of land freely given into its hands. The rapidity of the growth of the railroad system of the country, taken in connection with the great power it has wielded, has given it opportunities of wrong and corruption which have been freely taken advantage of in many directions. The good has been so great, however, that we are reluctant to look at the evil, and it is so great as to keep the evil from being oppressive to commerce. Yet the evil exists, and is clearly pointed out by Mr. Hudson. The day of reckoning with it must come sooner or later, and in the way he suggests. The only remedy is to take from the railroads all exclusive and special privileges, make them thoroughly subordinate to the laws, and compel them to pay for all they obtain from individuals or the State.

"Court Royal."†

It is long since we have had a story so entertaining as 'Court Royal.' It is the story of a Jew pawnbroker and of 'a little devil' who was put in pawn to him for seven years by a mother who did not know what else to do with her. Both are quite impossible characters, but they are none the less richly enjoyable for that. Of course there are other characters in the book: dukes, countesses, lawyers and the average man; but they count as nothing. They may be very good in their way, but the reader will not stop to find out whether they are or not, in his eagerness to skip every chapter but those introducing Lazarus and Joanna. This incomparable pair are a creation exhibiting more imaginative ingenuity than we have had in a novel for some time, and the reader's enjoyment of them will not be spoiled in the least by the reflection that this is not realism. The precocious child of the slums is always a favorite in fiction, and Joanna will take her place with the best—or the worst—of them. Her intellect at the age of twelve may be judged of by her device for having a fire without cost: 'It was this

* The Railroads and the Republic. By James F. Hudson. \$2. New York: Harper & Bros.

† Court Royal. By S. Baring-Gould. 75 cts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

way. We'd a little garden ran down to the water, where the coal-barges went by. I corked an empty soda-water bottle and hung it to the branch of an apple-tree. When the bargemen went by, they couldn't hold off having a shy at the bottle, and they shied lumps of coal. I went out every day with a shovel. We kept the kitchen fire with that bottle, and the beauty was she never broke. Couldn't, you understand, because her swung when hit.' Of the development of this precocious intellect under conditions favorable, perhaps, to the cleverness, but fatal to the conscience, the reader learns with ever increasing interest.

Were it nothing, however, but an amusing description of the gradual hardening of a human and womanly soul, one might shrink from approving such a picture, even as a realistic one; but the great skill and art of the novelist is shown in the way in which, without a word of analysis or moral or comment, he makes us feel that the poor girl had something admirable about her, after all. It is a story of circumstance, of fatal environment; and yet the author has not left Joanna entirely at the mercy of her environment. We have no sudden conversion to immaculate virtue; and yet it is something more than Joanna's intellect which keeps you from despising her. This is genuine art, and Joanna is a creation of which the author may well be proud.

"Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln."*

ONE of the first stories told in this book is that of the blacksmith, who, having endeavored to make various tools out of a certain piece of iron and failed, finally thrust the hot iron into a tub of water, remarking, 'I'll make a durned big fizzle of you, anyhow.' This book itself irresistibly recalls this story; for it is not quite a memoir nor an essay, nor is it biography or history. It is, rather, from a literary point of view, a 'big fizzle.' It may perhaps be most accurately described as a magnum *North American Review* article—a symposium on Lincoln more than 600 pages long, with thirty-three contributors, prefaced by the editor's own essay on the subject. The contributors range in quality from E. B. Washburne, George S. Boutwell and Charles A. Dana, to Petroleum V. Nasby, Donn Piatt, E. W. Andrews and John Conness. For fear that some of the readers might not identify the contributors, a brief biography of each is appended, and in most cases copies of their photographs are added. The editor modestly remarks that 'the result has been gratifying beyond expectation, furnishing—I think it is not too much to say—a remarkable book about a remarkable man; and he ventures to believe that the public will look with sincere satisfaction upon the result. It is not to be expected that so large a volume could be written about Lincoln without containing much that is interesting; but it contains little that is new, and adds hardly anything to what was already known of Lincoln. The most important document in it—Seward's despatch to Adams, corrected by Lincoln—has already appeared in *The North American Review*, and hence its freshness is gone. Mr. Boutwell's contribution is a thoughtful and philosophical essay; but the rest of the articles simply relate personal anecdotes of Lincoln in connection with the writers. They tell us much that we did not know before about the latter, but very little about Lincoln that is not already as familiar as a household tale.

Minor Notices

'THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI' is a finely written little pamphlet, by Charles Warren Stoddard, in the Ave Maria Series of Notre Dame, Indiana, describing life on the island set apart for lepers by the Sandwich Islanders. The horrors of the story are dwelt upon vividly, but not too morbidly, and the history of the noble priest who consecrated his own life to the sufferers is told with sympathetic pathos.—THOMAS J. MURRAY, whose soups and salads and breakfast dainties have been making our homes

happy, appears now with 'Puddings and Dainty Desserts' in a little book issued by White, Stokes & Allen at fifty cents. If the 'Desserts' taste as well as they read—and there is every reason to suppose they will—the book is well worth buying. It is an excellent idea to give receipts in small books for specialties, instead of massing them in one grand compendium.—'MOMENTS ON THE MOUNT,' by Rev. George Matheson (Armstrong), is a book of brief devotional meditations, intended for the individual or the family, and also to furnish points of suggestion to the theological student.—'SKILFUL SUSY,' by Elinor Gay (Funk & Wagnalls), is a helpful little book, full of suggestions for things to be made for fairs and bazaars, or for gifts, or for home decoration. The variety is great, and the directions carefully minute.

SCRIBNER & WELFORD import an edition of H. Sutherland Edwards's monograph on 'The Faust Legend,' in which the author, not satisfied with the commonly accepted account of the story, which traces it no further back than the book of Spiess published in 1587, seeks for and finds a remoter origin. His discovery is nothing less than that in certain writings attributed to St. Clement, the friend and helper of Paul, a personage named Faustus figures in company with Simon Magus, beneath whose magical influence he has fallen. This Faustus is, moreover, St. Clement's own father, and his history in so many points resembles the later legend, that in it we doubtless have the germ of the story as told by Spiess, and utilized by Goethe. Having established this fact, Mr. Edwards proceeds to note the gradual transformation and development of the legend through the centuries, gives some curious information concerning Faust's spiritual kinsmen, inquires vainly into the etymology of the name Mephistopheles—the person being identified with Simon Magus,—and finally touches briefly upon Goethe's poem, which he admits it is no proof of ignorance not to know, or of lack of intelligence not to understand, since even the poet himself confessed that it was 'mad stuff,' and full of obscurity.

IN HER 'Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), the author of the 'Schönberg-Cotta Family' sketches the salient points in the lives of Livingstone, Gordon and Patteson, whose careers, as illustrative of the spirit of self-abnegation and Christian devotion, have much in common. As she intimates, the study of these intrepid characters must go far toward correcting the oft-heard opinion that ours is an age of skepticism, that Christianity is becoming obsolete, that the heart of the church is growing cold, that luxury is destroying all self-sacrificing impulse, and that the chivalrous Britain of the type of Drake and Raleigh and Arthur and Sidney is verging toward decline. For we shall turn the pages of history in vain to find more striking instances of the permeating power of the old faith, of hearts glowing with zeal to succor and to save, of willing surrender of home peace and comfort, of romantic love of adventure, and of heroic daring in defence of the right, than we have in these three noble lives.—'THE CORRESPONDENT,' by James Wood Davidson (Appleton), is a useful little hand-book. Every one who has a large and varied correspondence is 'put to it,' sometimes, to know how to address certain people, particularly officials of the Church and State. The path is made quite clear by this book, whose aim, however, is wider than to give forms for addresses: it touches upon petitions, postal affairs, punctuation and a dozen other important matters.

HITHERTO there has been no biography of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the want being supplied in part by the numerous books about the poet. One of her admirers, Miss Helen Moore, has now taken this task in hand and given us, in 'Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley' (Lippincott), a biography of the woman herself. As was to be expected, it contains very little not already perfectly familiar to the students of Shelley; and it does little more for one-half its pages than repeat the facts about his life. Mary Shelley's life was bound up with that of her father and husband, and when they passed away her life came practically to an end for her biographer. We looked to find some fuller account of her later years in the present work; but they are passed over with the utmost rapidity, probably because there was little to tell. She was married at the age of sixteen and Shelley died when she was but twenty-five. At eighteen she wrote 'Frankenstein,' which was in every way her best piece of literary work. The influence of Shelley was life-giving to her; when he was gone, her genius withered and her life faded. We are glad to know her more intimately, however, and to have the story of her life told in this connected manner. She is worthy

* Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. By Distinguished Men of his Time. Collected and edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, Editor of *The North American Review*. New York: North American Publishing Co.

of such an honor, both as the wife of Shelley, and because of her own literary achievements. Her biographer has done her work with a loving hand—not always with a true perspective, but with an earnest purpose to do justice. Mary Shelley's letters are drawn upon freely, and they are full of interest. A good portrait would have added much to the value of the book for many of its readers.

MISS JANE ANDREWS, in her 'Ten Boys who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now' (Lee & Shepard), ingeniously utilizes the discoveries of history and comparative philology to interest boys and girls in their ancestry. She traces in ten remarkably pleasant stories the history of our race from its 'Aryan' source to its present type, giving in the descent from the Himalayas to Plymouth Rock an abundance of folk-lore, myth and national custom connected with each type. There is an 'Aryan' boy, a Greek, a Roman, a Saxon, Gilbert the page who became a knight, Roger the English lad who sailed the Spanish main, Fuller the Puritan boy, Dawson the Yankee, and Frank Wilson, the boy of '85. All of these are excellently individualized: each has his local atmosphere about him, and all are strung together in agreeable story form; so that when one finishes the book he finds himself conversant with many distinct types of man, all united by the 'red line' of common blood and common ancestry.—'THE UNRIVALLED Cook-Book and Housekeeper's Guide,' by Mrs. Washington (Harper), stoutly bound and full of serviceable hints, is meant for practical use, but is none the less redolent of 'good things' for epicures. It is appetizing merely to read over its ortolans, and pheasants, and roast fawns, and Italian macaroni; and even the reader who has heard of a Macedoine before will revel in the mere description of the luscious things that make up this daintiest of desserts. The book is unique of its kind in giving a very large assortment of foreign dishes, from beer soup to clotted cream and scones. It contains over two hundred Creole receipts from New Orleans, with treasures rifled from private receipt-books for American, English, Scotch, French, German, Italian and Russian delicacies.

London Letter.

LONDON, JULY 3rd, 1886.

SINCE I last wrote, Mr. Gladstone has been defeated, and gone forth to appeal to the masses as opposed to the classes. The consequence is that there is little but electioneering literature to talk about, or be interested in at this present moment. Of pictures, music, plays, books even, the world has, for the moment, had enough. It has its ear on the constituencies and its eye on the morning papers.

Of new plays there has been a dearth. Mrs. Mackenzie, indeed, has produced, with the assistance of Dr. Hueffer, a new and original opera, which the critics have received with rapture, and which has yet to conquer the public. At Drury Lane Mr. Augustus Harris has been delivered of what is called a 'comic opera' and is really a sort of musical panorama—a spectacle tempered with melody and dialogue. At the little Royalty, once the most popular of minor London playhouses, Mr. E. J. Henley has broken ground as a manager with 'Jack'—Mrs. Harry Beckett's pleasant adaptation from the 'Pierre de Touche' of MM. Émile Augier and Jules Sandeau—and 'Mephisto,' a travesty by a Mr. Byron McGuinness. In the first he had the assistance of Mr. Eben Plympton and Miss Dorothy Deane; in the second that of Miss Annie Gilchrist and a Chorus of Dramatic Critics; and with neither did he make any distinct or decided impression. A failure of another sort is Mr. Dixey's 'Adonis,' which, in spite of the abundant cleverness of the actor and the unstinted praise of the critics, is playing to benches that would be empty were they not filled with paper. A point that both 'Adonis' and 'Mephisto' have in common is that in both is included a caricature of Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Henley's, which used to be excellent, had lost in point and spirit, and was even allowed to lapse; Mr. Dixey's, which is admirable, is the one successful hit of the piece; and it is understood that Mr. Irving, who takes himself as seriously as Mr. Gladstone himself, while tolerant of neither, is especially resentful of Mr. Henley's. As neither the Gaiety nor the Royalty is popu-

lar, while neither the summer heats nor Mr. Wills's travesty of 'Faust' can keep the Lyceum from filling night after night, it is assumed that in this debate the famous actor-manager has the public with him; which, as the public pays, must be consoling enough. I should add that in this matter of full houses there are just now, so far as I know, but two theatres in London to compete with the Lyceum. One is the Court, where 'The Schoolmistress' is still triumphant; and the other the little Strand, whereto the admirable and delightful art of Mr. Augustin Daly's company is bringing greater receipts than the treasury has known since the palmy time of the Swanboroughs, the great age of burlesque, the unforgotten years of 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold.'

Of the theatre proper it needs a great deal of good will to write with anything like interest, or even enthusiasm. It has, however, to be admitted that in and about the theatre the atmosphere is in a condition of considerable liveliness. The fault, if I am not mistaken, is Mr. William Archer's, whose new book, 'About the Theatre,' appears to have unchained the elements, and set the hot-bloods mad. Mr. Archer is certainly one of the best, as he is perhaps the youngest, of dramatic critics. He writes with brilliancy and point; he has an abundance of wit and sense; he knows his subject thoroughly; he has—with certain limitations—the playgoer's passion, the true *sentiment du théâtre*. Moreover—and this is by no means the least important of his many qualifications—he has a severe, an almost captious honesty of mind and purpose, on which champagne has no effect, nor chicken either, and which obliges him to speak the truth about things in terms that gall his opposites to the very quick. In the first essay in 'About the Theatre' he has raised some two or three storms at least. He was unkind enough to speak the truth about the dramas of the ingenious Mr. Robert Buchanan; and that gentleman, never averse from publicity of any sort, at once replied with shrieks, and also complimentary references to Æschylus and Mr. Henry Irving. Gently but firmly, too, he opened up the question of the collaboration of actors; and Mr. Wilson Barrett, who is nothing if not a practical dramatist, was painfully exercised thereby. Moreover, he let fall some bitter words about modern melodrama, which seem to have suggested to Mr. Comyns Carr (who, having adapted a couple of the late Hugh Conway's masterpieces, is, of course, an authority) the propriety of falling foul of Mr. Augustus Harris, and to Mr. Augustus Harris the necessity of replying with something very like acerbity to Mr. Comyns Carr; all at the annual dinner of the Green-Room Club! I hasten to add that no blood was spilt, and that the question remains precisely as and where it was before these Olympians took to exchanging views about it. As for Mr. Archer's book—the cause of all this uproar—it may be read almost from cover to cover. The most of it is very good; the rest there is no necessity to mention or to heed.

Good novels of late have not been few. With all its merits, Mr. Hardy's 'The Mayor of Casterbridge' was, on the whole, I think, a disappointment. It contains the matter of two or three stories, and it is squeezed into a couple of volumes. The chief situation is one of extraordinary force and interest, but the real problem at the heart of it has not been faced. Again, the figure of the hero, Michael Henchard, is admirably understood, but very imperfectly conveyed. Mr. Hardy knows all about him, and tells you as much as narrative will carry; but he seldom makes him speak so as to explain and justify himself, and the impression he leaves is vague and incomplete. For the rest, it would seem that Mr. Hardy, who is what Mr. Meredith calls, with emphasis, 'a writer,' had lost touch in this book, not only of the real problem proceeding from the situation he has invented, but also of the rustic life and character and speech in which he was once so splendidly skilled. The bumpkins of Casterbridge (Casterbridge, of course, is Dorchester, and a delightful view of Dorchester it is) are but,

as it seems to me, the shadows of those in 'A Pair of Blue Eyes' and 'Far from the Madding Crowd' and 'The Return of the Native'; and I cannot help wishing that Mr. Hardy would leave such matter alone, and devote his admirable talent to the conquest of another world.

Later than 'The Mayor of Casterbridge' are 'The Heir of All the Ages' of Mr. James Payn, and Mr. Anstey's 'A Fallen Idol.' Mr. Payn is, as always—perhaps is more than ever—fresh, kindly, vivacious and amusing; there seems no reason why he should ever cease from writing, for this, his fortieth novel (or thereabouts), is as young and generous as his first. As for Mr. Anstey, he has here surpassed himself. Not, of course, as the author of 'The Giant's Robe' (a novel for which I have a great admiration, and which I fear was made to pay for the undue success of 'Vice Versa'), but as the author of the pleasant fantasy which revealed him to Mr. Payn, and so made him a successful novelist. The idea of the book is really humorous, and really humorous is the working out. But to me the great merit consists in the presentment of two characters: the humbug Babcock and the self-deluded impostor, Nebelsen. In work of this sort, as it seems to me, lies Mr. Anstey's real strength. Nebelsen is worthy to rank with the Caffyn of 'The Giant's Robe,' and Babcock, though necessarily a slighter sketch, is of the same right breed. Mr. Anstey, I think, has but to proceed on this particular line to give us work which shall find a place in the literature which can boast such magnificent achievements as Pecksniff and Jonas Chuzzlewit.

Later than all of these (it is still in the press, but I have been privileged to read it in proof, and cannot refrain from talking about it) is Mr. Stevenson's 'Kidnapped: Being Memoirs of the Adventures of David Balfour in the Year 1751.' It is a *roman d'aventures*—not in the manner of Dumas, but realistic in the spirit of Defoe; and it contains, I am pleased to think, a certain amount of work which surpasses, in humanity and the capacity of producing emotion, everything Mr. Stevenson has yet done. The two heroes are David Balfour (Mr. Stevenson is a Balfour by his mother) and Allan Breck Stewart, who was, and still is, accused of the killing of Colin Roy; and if anybody can read the story of the fight in the roundhouse of the Osprey, in which these two companions stand back to back for the first time, and that of the quarrel between them months after in the heather, without tears, then all I can say is that he (or she) may give up literature for a bad job, and take to mechanics, or conic sections, or sentimental stuff of that sort without delay. More I do not purpose to note, except that the style—which is autobiographical—is charmingly quaint yet delightfully natural, and that the Scotch in which it is cast might have won the regard of Sir Walter himself. To all this it is only fair (perhaps) to add that I could not read the dedication without taking a strong personal interest in the book, which in some odd, undefined, impossible way appeals to me as a part of my own youth. To the 'L. J. R.'—that occult and tremendous Society, the surviving members of which are bound by oath never to reveal its object—I came too late to belong; but I have talked of it for hours, and I have surprised its secret (which may some day be discovered to the general) on the lips of a confiding—an excited—adept. At the Hawes Inn, at Queensferry, whence David Balfour is kidnapped, I have sat late with the poet himself, and the subject of his dedication, 'drinkin' the wine' and talking of many things. And as I read, I too see our common friend, 'moving there by plain daylight, beholding with your natural eyes these places that have now become for your companion a part of the "scenery of dreams!"' 'Tis the enchantment of memory—of memory in the hand of a writer of genius. And as I shut the book I wonder if, after all, the dedication is not the best part of it; and if Louis Stevenson, though he should perish as a novelist, will not live on to the end of things as a writer of inscriptions to his friends.

In connection with the Rodin and Calder Marshall busi-

ness, I note, with extreme delight, that the learned but inaccurate gentleman who 'does the art' for *The Athenæum* refers this week to Mons. Rodin as 'a third-rate French sculptor, who will do better next time.' I need not add that the President's 'Sluggard' inspired this critic to an adoration not be expressed in intelligible English. It is more to the purpose to note that evidently Rodin's little marble was, as I hinted, rejected 'by conviction and on its merits'; much as the work of Michelangelo is damned by Mr. Ruskin.

H. B.

Inconstant.

I.

A WARM breeze comes from the South
And kisses the rose's mouth,
Whose red leaves tremble and part
As if from the throb of a heart.

II.

This love,—of the wind's touch born,—
Wounds now like an unseen thorn;
For the gay breeze onward goes,
And heartsore is the rose.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

The Lounger

APROPOS of Mr. Waters's letter on Gath's appropriation of several chapters from his book on Cobbett, Mr. J. H. Hager writes:—'My attention has been called to a peculiar notice of my translation of Feuillet's "La Morte" in the *World* of the 4th inst., by Mr. Julian Hawthorne. That gentleman, starting out with the apparent purpose of writing a review of the original work, places the French title at the head of the notice, and only incidentally refers to the fact that the book has been translated. He then goes on to give a synopsis of the plot, which, as no quotation marks are used, the reader who had not seen "Aliette" would naturally conclude was his own. Had he read the translation, however, he would see that more than a third of Mr. Hawthorne's synopsis is a literal quotation from the English version. I do not, of course, wish to imply that Mr. Hawthorne could not have made a better translation of the passages quoted than I have made; but would respectfully submit that having elected to use mine, credit should have been given. In quoting the same passages Mr. Hawthorne has used, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, in his notice of the book, did not leave the reader in doubt as to where they came from.'

IT WOULD be astonishing if an Englishman, writing down his impressions of America, should fail to make an occasional slip in matters of fact of more or less importance. I pointed out some blunders in Mr. Haweis's letters to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, some time ago; and now I note a few of trivial consequence in Mr. Frederick Wedmore's letters 'To Millicent,' reprinted from *Temple Bar* in THE CRITIC of July the 3d. Mr. Wedmore speaks, for instance, of William K. Vanderbilt's beautiful house as that of a 'son-in-law' of the late Mr. Vanderbilt; and he describes the Cathedral as an edifice 'hardly less important' than the above. Why he should consider the house more important in any respect than the church, I cannot see. After speaking of the predominance of foreigners over native-born Americans in places of popular resort, he characterizes the New York policeman as the 'true New Yorker'—which would seem to anticipate the time when Ireland shall have ceased to be a part of the British Empire and become a State of the American Union. He notes the 'quiet, professional reticence of bearing' of a certain cab-driver—and evidently thinks it characteristic of the tribe in this city! Again, he attributes to 'Alexander' a 'very good picture of Longfellow in middle age.' If he means J. W. Alexander, that talented young painter was unborn when Longfellow passed the line that separates young manhood from middle age.

YET AGAIN, Mr. Wedmore alludes to Longfellow's home in Cambridge as 'the house that Washington occupied during the War of Independence.' When one remembers that there is hardly a house in America, over a hundred years of age, that doesn't claim to have been occupied by Washington at one time

or another, during the War of Independence, the use of the definite article in this connection cannot fail to cause a smile. If Craigie House was *the* house, what was the Washington Headquarters at Newburg, and what the lovely old colonial dwelling at Morristown, which passed not long ago from the possession of its original owners, the Fords, into that of an association of relic-loving Jersey men? The latter is a most interesting old mansion, and has gained in many ways by passing into the hands of its present owners. The gain to the family comes chiefly in the immunity enjoyed in their new home from the constant intrusion of curious strangers. Patriotic spirit, family pride and amiability of disposition combined to make the old owners of the Headquarters miserable at the expense of inquisitive tourists; for it was a rule of the house never to refuse admittance to visitors; and the earliest recollection of the present generation of Fords, is of being driven about from one room to another, at all hours of the day and night, to facilitate the domiciliary researches of native and foreign-born comers from every State and every clime.

THERE may be a more beautifully printed book in the world than Ruskin's Autobiography—the so-called 'Præterita'; but if there is, it hasn't been my good fortune to see it. The type in which this masterpiece of literary reminiscence is set is delightfully large, and the long and graceful letters look as if they were printed from characters carved by hand. Then again, the lines are widely separated, and there is a liberal margin all around the text. The natural color of the paper has not been artificially lightened: it is cream-colored, instead of dead white. George Allen, of Orpington, Kent, is the publisher of Mr. Ruskin's Works; but 'Præterita' is printed by a London firm. The American reprint of the Messrs. Wiley is a pretty close imitation of the original, but no one would hesitate in his choice between the two editions—or may be I had better say he wouldn't if the English one didn't cost just twice as much as the American, which is sold for twenty-five cents. This fact may cause a moment's hesitation—but only a moment's, if he can afford the costlier edition.

GREAT things are claimed for the air-brush, of which the manufacturers have just sent me an advertisement in the form of an editorial from a Western paper. The compound name of this ingenious instrument—which I have never seen—is not formed in the same way as the familiar compounds, clothes-brush, hat-brush, etc.; for the air-brush is not an invention for brushing the air with, but an implement for the use of the painter, no matter what liquid pigment he may use. We are told that 'the work of operating, with very little practice, becomes automatic,' and that the artist will handle the air-brush 'more easily than he handles the brush or stump after years of practice.' This is cheering news. But better remains in store; for the Western editor avers, with every appearance of sincerity, that the new brush 'enables artists to earn three or four hundred per cent. more money in a given time than by the old process.' For example, 'one young lady, who had been receiving but \$6 per week, now, with the air-brush, has a permanent position at \$20 per week;' while 'a young gentleman, a former engraver, who commanded a salary of \$18 per week, has refused, with his air-brush, an offer of \$50 per week.' What he expects to get we are not told; but we are assured that these are not 'isolated instances.'

A Greeting to Dr. Holmes.

READ AT BREAKFAST IN COMBINATION ROOM, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, ON JUNE 18TH.

WELCOME, good friend; your hand! now you're in reach of us

We'll freely say what else were unexpressed;
For friend you surely are to all and each of us,
And these old walls ne'er held a worthier guest.

No guest more well-beloved, more soul-unbending,
Since the frail Mayflower bore the Pilgrims bold;
Stern hearts, in hard New England still defending
Whate'er was best and noblest in the Old.

Here round your chair unseen in gathering number
Throng eager shades, no feeble band nor few,
Ghosts of a fruitful past, awaked from slumber
To give their gracious benison to you.

Says rare Ben Jonson 'Ha! one more good fellow!
'Od's life, we'll add him to our tuneful quire';
And bids you stay and pass an evening mellow
With Herrick, genial soul, and courtly Prior.

Then gentle Wordsworth brings his ghostly greeting
Wafted from northern dales and mountains lone,
Beaming with eye serene for joy at meeting
A heart as large and single as his own.

A heart to love mankind with love unchanging,—
No shallow worldling there, nor dried-up don;
But through all moods of human life-strains ranging
From tender Iris to the Young Man John.

In love we greet you, friend; in love we speed you;—
For greeting soon is o'er, and parting nigh:
And when we see you not, we yet shall read you
In this calm corner, while the world rolls by.

Farewell. By all the benefactors' merits,
Who bade us be, and raised our Johnian towers;
By all the joys and griefs mankind inherits,
That ever stirred this little world of ours;

By all sweet memory of the saints and sages
Who wrought among us in the days of yore;
By youths who, turning now life's early pages,
Ripen to match the worthies gone before;

On us, oh son of England's greatest daughter,
A kindly word from heart and tongue bestow.
Then chase the sunsets o'er the western water,
And bear our blessing with you as you go.

W. E. HEITLAND.

Magazine Notes

The Southern Bivouac proceeds on the lines laid down in its first year and volume. Felix G. de Fontaine repeats, in 'The First Day of Real War,' the story of the attack on Sumter. 'The Trappist Abbey of Gethsemane,' Kentucky, is described by M. M. Casseday. 'Charles Gayarré: The Author' is continued, over the signature of the late Paul H. Hayne; and the lamented poet's son contributes some graceful verses 'To Toccoa Fall.' Other poems in the number are 'Fra Benedict,' by C. J. O'Malley, 'The Scout,' by John Esten Cooke, and two sonnets, one of which is addressed to Gen. John H. Morgan by W. G. McAdoo. R. H. Musser tells of the War in Missouri, and J. M. Wright describes his 'Old-Time Service' in the Army. In the department of Comment and Criticism, Henry G. Austin rehearses the story of the revival of 'Leonainie.'

'Attila,' who writes the literary notes of *Book Lore*, is very much put out with Mr. Astor, because that happily situated author saw fit to spend several hundred dollars on the cases of the copies of 'Valentino' presented to his friends the Pope of Rome and King of Italy. 'Shakspeare or Milton in gold can be barely conceived, but why Astor in ivory and silver at a cost of 120l.?' This is ungenerous. Mr. Astor wished to make his friends a handsome present, and felt that in doing so it would be immodest to rely upon the intrinsic value of his novel, considerable as that is generally conceded to be.—*The Antiquary* continues to discuss the origin of the names Maiden Lane, Maiden Street, etc. W. F. Prideaux writes from Calcutta to suggest that *maiden* in this connection is derived from the word *midden*, which now means a dung-hill or pile of kitchen-refuse, but which may once, he thinks, have meant a mound or embankment. 'A careful topographical examination of the places whose names are compounded with the word *maiden* would go far to settle the question. If it occurred in a place where the idea of the *heaping up of soil* would be out of the question, the origin of the name must in that special case be assigned to some other source.' How is it with Maiden Lane, New York? *Middan-eard*, in Anglo-Saxon, it may be well to say, meant *earth*.

The Andover Review for July opens with a spirited advocacy of Organized Christian Union by Dr. C. A. L. Richards, and a moderate statement of the difficulties in the way by Dr. S. L. Caldwell. The Rev. E. A. Lawrence gives a somewhat damaging criticism of Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World'; N. C. Butler discusses Machiavelli as 'A Political Positivist,' and the Hon. H. B. Metcalf writes of Capital and Labor with calmness and good sense, but with some tendency to

magnify the claims of the former; Prof. Warfield spreads critical remarks on the 'Didache' over sixteen pages; and the Rev. S. W. Dike offers Sociological Notes.—*Le Livre* for May devotes an article to the eminent Paris publisher P. J. Hetzel, who died this year at the age of seventy-two. Mons. Hetzel left behind him a considerable reputation as an author, in which capacity he was known as P. J. Stahl. A first-rate etching from his friend Meissonier's portrait of him accompanies the sketch, and reveals a noticeable likeness to Mr. Roswell Smith, the New York publisher. The Comte de Contades writes of a neglected author of the present century (Armand Malitourne); and Champfleury of the Dance of the Dead in Japan, with an engraving from a Japanese romance of 1809. In the Gazette Bibliographique, three columns are given up to the libraries of the United States. It is said that the annual expenses of the Boston Public Library are \$120,000, as against \$100,000 for the National Library of Paris, the largest collection of books in the world.

Paul H. Hayne.

[*The New York Times*, July 10.]

Paul H. Hayne, the poet laureate of the South, died at his home at Cope Hill, near Grovetown, Ga., on Tuesday evening. He was born Jan. 31, 1830, in Charleston, S. C. His father was a lieutenant in the navy, who had distinguished himself in a 'cutting out expedition' against pirates on the coast of Africa, and also was the brother of Gen. Robert Y. Hayne. At a very early age Paul became a close student and a careful reader of books of fiction, and used to pore over 'Robinson Crusoe,' the 'Arabian Nights,' the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' etc. He was educated at the College of Charleston, from which he was graduated with high honors in 1850. He then studied law, and was soon admitted to the Bar. The unromantic and dry practical profession did not prove suitable to his tastes, and he aspired to fame in the paths of literature. He became the centre of a group of talented and ardent youths, and finding himself in possession of an ample fortune, he was able to devote his entire time to his favorite occupation.

He did not have long to wait before coming before the public. In 1852 he became the editor of *The Southern Literary Gazette*, a weekly paper published in Charleston. This paper was the following year merged into the *Weekly News*, with Mr. Hayne as the editor. The *News* failed, and then he began writing sketches for *The Southern Literary Messenger* and also contributed to the daily papers of Charleston. In 1857 *Russell's Magazine* was started in that city, and Mr. Hayne was made editor, and under his management it soon acquired a wide circulation and became a leading exponent of Southern literature. Before taking charge of this magazine he published, through Ticknor & Fields, his first volume of poems, which consisted principally of pieces that had before appeared in various journals. One noted exception was 'The Temptation of Venus,' which was greatly admired, and placed him at the head of the promising young men of the South. In 1857 his second volume of poems appeared and had an extensive sale. Several of the poems, as 'The Ode to Sleep,' received favorable recognition from Bryant, Longfellow, Willis, and other American poets. Two years later he published his third volume. The periodicals and daily newspapers in the country, and especially in New York, and among them the *Times*, spoke of 'Avolio' as one of the finest poems in the English language, and said that the poet showed a genuine vigor of expression and maturity of purpose.

The breaking out of the War proved a rude shock to the poet's tranquil and peaceful labors. He cast in his lot with his fellow-citizens of the South, and for a while he served on the staff of Gov. Pickens, but afterward became a volunteer soldier in Fort Sumter. His delicate constitution, however, could not endure the hardships of army life, and he was compelled to retire from active service. His home in Charleston was burned by the explosion of some shells as the Federal army was entering the city, and the end of the War found him almost in destitute circumstances. In 1865 he became an editor of the *Constitutionalist*, of Augusta, Ga., but his health failing he retired and settled at Cope Hill, about 16 miles from Augusta, and made it his home, where in course of time he surrounded himself with a library of 2000 volumes of a miscellaneous character. About 1867 his poem, 'The Confederates in the Field,' won the prize that had been offered by H. R. Pollard, the editor of the *Southern Opinion*, of Richmond, Va., for the best poem connected with the War. That year he became the literary editor of the *Southern Opinion*, and during the two years that he was connected with it he contributed to *Southern Society*, a literary journal of Baltimore, and to *The Banner of the South*, published in Augusta, Ga.

During the last 12 or 13 years of his life he did a great deal of literary work for different journals, besides contributing poems to *The Southern Magazine*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Scribner's Monthly*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, *The Galaxy*, etc. He also wrote a memoir of William Gilmore Simms, which was purchased by the Harpers. In 1873 he published a collection of Henry Timrod's poems, with a sketch of the poet's life. Two years later his 'Mountain of the Lovers, and Other Poems' appeared. In 1882 a complete edition of his works was published. Among his personal sonnets are odes to Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson.

Mr. Hayne married Mary Middleton Michel on May 20, 1852, immediately after being admitted to the Bar. She was the granddaughter of Gen. de Michel, of the Imperial Army of France. The couple were devotedly attached to each other, and she always inspired him with hope and relieved the burden of his invalid hours by unwearied watchfulness and care.

[Augusta, Ga., Correspondence Louisville Courier-Journal.]

It was a charming walk on a charming day. After sauntering for a mile, in hopeful expectancy, along a winding railroad, then through by-paths and woody thickets, I—in company with a party of friends—succeeded in the attainment of a long-cherished desire, that of visiting the Southern bard at his own home. Cope Hill is the suitable appellation of Paul Hayne's sylvan retreat, and is located at Forest, a station on the Georgia Railroad, about sixteen miles from Augusta. A modest dwelling it is, perched on a slight acclivity. But there is a restive quality about it; an air of quiet repose, which more pretentious mansions often fail to possess. Encircled by a spacious garden filled with verdant shrubbery and blooming flowers, it impresses one in its perfect simplicity as an ideal home for a poet. Besides, Cope Hill has a pretty view, and there is a healthy tone about the place; while in that low murmur, echoed from the swaying pines beyond, Mr. Hayne has found inspiration for some of his sweetest songs. There is a cozy portico, too, in front, embowered by a luxuriant vine of clinging tendrils, which, after creeping all over the little piazza, twine their way upward to the slanting roof above.

It was in this snug entrance that we were met and cordially greeted by Mr. Hayne, who invited us to enter. This popular poet comes of old South Carolina Revolutionary stock, and if there is such a thing as aristocratic blood in this country, he unquestionably has it in his veins. A spare man of medium size, with dark eyes and most refined, unostentatious manners, he has the aspect of a poet, with that far-away, dreamy look which seems to peer into the vast beyond. The room on the right is Mr. Hayne's study. It was here we were asked by our distinguished host. Apart from the interest with which it is necessarily invested from being the favorite haunt of a celebrated writer, it is intrinsically attractive through virtue of its own singularity. Let us glance around this unique apartment with its odd papering and peculiar ornamentation—a monument to the artistic skill and ingenuity of the poet's accomplished wife. This wall, its distinguishing feature, is entirely concealed by a patchwork covering of judiciously selected wood-cut prints, clipped from illustrated periodicals, and so deftly joined together were they in the pasting, that only my thorough familiarity with many of the designs convinced me of a fundamental separateness. In like manner were the door, mantel, a table, and even a box for writing materials, decorated; the whole forming a quaint original totality, at once pleasing and tasteful. 'You never did a more creditable piece of work than this,' I remarked, good-humoredly, to the poet. 'I acknowledge it,' was the frank reply.

Mr. Hayne is a man of marked modesty. It was only at our earnest solicitation that he consented to read aloud one of his late compositions, a poem written for the ladies' bazaar held in Baltimore about a year ago. A letter had been received from a little boy asking for the pen with which this production had been transcribed. How much greater was our privilege of hearing it read by the gifted author. Adjoining Mr. Hayne's study is his library—a veritable literary sanctuary. Here inadvertently lighting upon an album, there was fortuitously revealed a photographic gallery of worthies, the talented creators of the fanciful children who illuminated the encompassing shelves. William Black, with his speaking spectacles; Charles Kingsley, the erudite author of 'Hypatia'; that gifted woman who wrote 'Lass o' Lowrie's'; Wilkie Collins, with his plotful, penetrating eyes, and a multitude of others of like celebrity and like interest adorned its magic leaves; all of whom had autographic signatures appended to their pictures.

That god-like attribute, charity, is generously diffused throughout Mr. Hayne's conversation. One is impressed by the sincere regard and admiration he evinces for all contemporary poets and men of genius. He possesses the happy faculty of describing their virtues and disregarding their foibles. In response to an intimation of mine anent this striking predominant characteristic, he averred: 'I never had a feeling of envy or jealousy in my whole life.' Certainly envy and jealousy seem incompatible with true greatness, and hard would it be to reconcile ourselves with the idea that a great man could be attended with those admirable qualities. But an accepted fact it is, nevertheless, that many are called great who possess them to an alarming extent, and it is questionable as to whether their absence or presence is more exceptional among the world's intellectual luminaries.

Paul Hayne has only one child—William. This young man is fast acquiring deserved celebrity as a poet, his compositions appearing constantly in all the leading magazines. The two hours spent at Copse Hill sped with fleet wings. Reluctantly we left this enchanted shrine where the muses have been so successfully invoked. On our departure a bunch of flowers was culled for each admiring visitor. 'Take this,' said Mr. Hayne, offering a sprig of ivy as I bade him adieu, 'Blackmore sent it to me from Westminster Abbey.'

[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, July 10.]

One fact not hitherto noted in connection with the death of Paul Hayne is that the last poetic creation of his brain committed to paper was an impromptu verse to Mr. S. T. Coleman, while he was the guest of that gentleman in Macon. We have it from the family of the lamented poet that his visit to Macon was a source of great pleasure to him, and it is their opinion that this visit really prolonged his valuable life. He formed many warm friendships here. At our request Mr. Coleman has furnished us with a copy of the verse, which, it is needless to say, was never intended for publication and the critic's eye. He discovered it under his breakfast plate one morning while his guest sat beside him. Here are the lines:

He who has found a new star in the sky
Is not so fortunate as one who finds
A new, deep-hearted friend; the stars must die,
They are but creatures of the sun and winds;
But Friendship throws her firm sheet anchor deep,
Beside the shore lines of eternity.

MAY 24, 1886.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Besides his wife, Mr. Hayne had the companionship of his son, William, to cheer him. The name of William Hayne is already well known in literary circles. Like his father, he is a poet, and his verse has fire, melody, and genius in it. Although living in this secluded place, it must not be thought that the dwellers at Copse Hill were recluses. They were hospitably inclined, and were never happier than when entertaining friends who had sought them out in the shadows of the pines. Occasionally Mr. Hayne visited distant cities. People were always eager to see the modest, reserved poet, and nothing but his love of a quiet life prevented him from becoming a social lion. This sort of thing, however, never suited him. Yet he had a social nature. In conversation he was always winning and entertaining. His appearance always attracted even those who were perfect strangers. Of medium height, his slim, graceful figure had an easy but dignified carriage. His face looked remarkably youthful and glowed with animation. His dark hair and hazel eyes admirably set off his classic features. Altogether, he was an exceptionally handsome man, and his sweetness of disposition and tenderness made him draw like a magnet wherever he went.

The Best Hundred Books for Boys.

[The Pall Mall Gazette.]

WHEN Sir John Lubbock first propounded his ideas as to the best hundred books, he could hardly have foreseen the lengths to which the discussion would be carried, or the keen interest which it would arouse. Every sort of alternative list has been brought forward, and all kinds of amendments have been proposed. But the thoroughness with which the inquiry has been prosecuted notwithstanding, one branch of the subject has been not indeed ignored, but referred to only to be dropped at once. Its importance is admitted by all; yet even Mr. Ruskin has no word to say on it by way either of criticism or praise. Literature for the young has never yet been dealt with adequately by any competent person. As in the controversy over the best hundred books, so in all histories of fiction, either no mention is

made of the ever-swelling volume of juvenile literature—a literature practically unknown forty years ago—or the subject is dismissed with a few homiletic comments as outside the range of the work in hand. Miss Yonge and one or two others have essayed to treat it in magazine articles at various times, but most of these dissertations evince knowledge on almost any question except that concerning the reading of boys and girls. Boys' literature—and the word 'boys' here includes girls, since most girls who are not considered old enough to be allowed the privilege of reading novels read their brothers' books—is at least as important as any other. Upon the character of the reading of the young to-day depends largely the character of the reading of the adult to-morrow. A great deal has recently been said and written about the superficiality of the modern taste and the worthlessness of much of our modern fiction. It would be interesting to know how far the decadence of English literature, if such decadence has set in, which I very much doubt, is due to the fiction now produced for boys. The impressions conveyed to the young by their reading are more far-reaching and abiding than those conveyed to their elders. 'It is a commonplace,' says Mr. H. W. Mabie, who ought to know something on this subject, 'that the earlier years are the most plastic and impressionable, the most keenly sensitive and responsive to all manner of influences; and the boy or girl who reads studies in a school which has no vacations, and is all the more influential in shaping character because it wears none of the external signs of authority. The study of text-books has much to do with mental training, but how often the reading of a great work of imagination in a chance opportunity has given a boy the controlling impulse of his life!' We are forever being reminded of the influence for good or evil which literature exercises upon the mind of youth. Yet outside the circle of writers and publishers for boys there are probably not a dozen people who could express a definite opinion as to the merits of any twenty books for boys laid before them. There is, however, for several reasons, more to be said in favor of some conclusion being arrived at on the question of boys' literature than can be said in favor of a similar conclusion respecting the literature of their parents. To read the best hundred books, no matter whose may be the list selected, is for the man or woman of the world next to impossible. To digest them is certainly impossible. With the young, as a rule, it is very different. They read everything of interest to them which they can lay their hands on. They look to parents and friends every year to present them with some handsomely bound Christmas volume or volumes, and, not satisfied with devouring their own, borrow in all directions of their friends. It is, therefore, fair to assume that between the ages of six and sixteen considerably more than one hundred volumes are perused by most children.

In attempting to indicate the best hundred books for boys two considerations present themselves. First and chief is the taste of the reader; second, the influence which any given book is calculated to exercise on a particular mind. Some boys have a natural liking for popular dissertations on natural history, science, history, art, etc. Others abhor the very name of such dissertations. The diversity of tastes among the young is much more pronounced than among adults. The majority of boys when reading for pleasure read nothing but fiction, and from fiction they gather most of their knowledge concerning what are commonly called 'dry' subjects. Upon fiction for boys rests, therefore, a treble responsibility: it has to amuse, to assist in the formation of moral character, and to instruct. Does it do either of these things? and can any writer for boys claim to have hit the happy medium which compasses all three? To their credit the answer must be in the affirmative. Amid floods of juvenile literature of a degrading and nauseating kind constantly appear works of real merit and real worth. It is from the best of these, so far as I have been able to find and recognize the best, that the following list has been drawn up:—

FICTION.

The Arabian Nights	D. Defoe	Afloat in the Forest.....	
Robinson Crusoe.....		The Scalp Hunters.....	
Ivanhoe.....	Sir Walter Scott	The Bush Boys; or, the Adventures of a Cape Farmer.....	Capt. Mayne Reid
The Pirate.....		The Boy Tar; or, a Voyage in the Dark.....	
Poor Jack.....	Captain Marryat	The Boy Hunters; or, Adventures in Search of the White Buffalo.....	
Masterman Ready.....	Fenimore Cooper	Dick Sands, the Boy Captain	
The Spy.....	Michael	Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar.....	Jules Verne
Tom Cringle's Log.....	Scott	The Begum's Fortune.....	
The Cruise of the Midge.....	R. H. Dana	Godfrey Morgan.....	
Two Years before the Mast.....	M. and C. Lamb	The Child of the Cavern.....	
Tales from Shakespeare.....	A French Boy's Story of Sedan.....	The Steam House.....	
Valentin: A French Boy's Story of Sedan.....	H. Kingsley	Part I. The Demon of Cawnpore.....	
Old Curiosity Shop.....	Charles Dickens	Part II. Tigers and Traitors	
A Tale of Two Cities.....	A. Dumas		
Mente Cristo.....			

From Powder Monkey to Admiral.....		Dick Rodney.....	J. Grant
The Three Midshipmen.....		The Romance of War.....	J. Grant
The Three Lieutenants.....	W. H. G. Kingston	The Cruise of the Snow-bird.....	Dr. Gordon Stables
The Three Commanders.....		Tom Brown's School Days.....	T. Hughes
The Three Admirals.....		Treasure Island.....	R. L. Stevenson
Peter the Whaler.....		King Solomon's Mines.....	J. Rider Haggard
The Young Rajah.....		All True.....	Dr. Macaulay
Facing Death.....		Grey Hawk.....	James Payne
With Clive in India.....	G. A. Henty.	In Peril and Privation.....	A. Bowman
By Sheer Pluck.....		Young Nile Voyageurs.....	Capt. Percy Groves
In Times of Peril.....		From Cadet to Captain.....	Rev. T. S. Millington
For Name and Fame.....		Boy and Man.....	Rev. T. S. Millington
Under Drake's Flag.....		The Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch.....	T. B. Reed
The Red Man's Revenge.....		Archie Blake.....	Mrs. Elloart
The Battery and the Boiler.....		Master of his Fate.....	J. C. Hutcheson
Fighting the Flames: a Tale of the London Fire Brigade.....	R. M. Ballantyne	Picked up at Sea.....	E. Hodder
The Iron Horse: or, Life on the Line.....		The Junior Clerk: A Tale of City Life.....	
Post Haste: a Tale of her Majesty's Mails.....			
The Lifeboat: or, Our Coast Heroes.....			
Two Thousand Years ago, or, the Adventures of a Roman Boy.....	Prof. Church		
With the King at Oxford: a Tale of the Great Rebellion.....			
Ivan Dobroff.....	J. F. Hodgetts		
The Champion of Odiu.....			
Stories of Old Renown.....			
Heroes of Young America.....	A. R. Hope		
Buttons.....			
The Men of the Backwoods.....			
Who was Philip?.....			
Barford Bridge.....	Rev. H. C. Adams		
Schoolboy Honour.....			
Schooldays at Kingscourt.....			
The Mystery of Beech Grange.....			
Forest Chieftain.....			
Paleface and Redskin.....	G. Aimard		
Robbers of the Forest.....			
Escaped from Siberia.....	Henry Frith		
In the Brave Days of Old Nat the Naturalist.....			
Middy and Ensign.....	G. Manville Fenn		
Patience Wins.....			

This list will doubtless be hailed as highly pretentious. But I am not a schoolmaster, and my object is to indicate the best hundred books for boys as far as possible among purely boys' literature, not to propose works for text-books, although more than one volume cited above would hardly be misdescribed if called a text-book. I can only claim for the list the merit of being comprehensive. It takes within its view history, natural history, science, geography, philanthropy. That it will please everybody cannot be expected. But it is a fair outline of the kind of books which, in forming a small library for boys, it is wise to secure. Such a library might honestly boast of containing within itself the elements of solid instruction and true amusement. Almost any work bearing the name of any one of the authors mentioned in the list would be worthy of a place in the best of juvenile libraries. Many persons may be surprised that none of Canon Farrar's works for boys is accorded a place in the selection. It is, of course, primarily a matter of taste, but to my humble mind the morbid sentimentality and injudicious sorrows of 'Eric' and in a lesser degree of Canon Farrar's other boys' books, render it undesirable that they should be included in the best hundred books for boys. The list now given is submitted for amendment and modification. For instance, if it is desired to give boys some knowledge of ancient authors without compelling them to read the authors themselves, Professor Church's 'Stories from Homer,' 'Stories from Livy,' and others might be substituted for works less congenial to the founder of a library for boys. The aim has been to select a list calculated to engender manly courage, honesty, and virtue, and at the same time to teach history and give some knowledge of science and of the world. No doubt many of your other correspondents will be able to improve upon this one in various respects.

Current Criticism

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS AT HARVARD.—In this country probably the greater number of graduates from leading American colleges have been the sons of men having but a limited income. But a change in this respect may take place, so far as Harvard University is concerned, unless some check is placed upon the disposition to exaggerate the social importance of the wealthy undergraduates. It is detrimental to the best interests of the College to have young men there who spend each year—as certain of them are currently reported to—from \$12,000 to \$15,000. A few young men of this type could not fail to have a demoralizing effect; for, in consequence of their extravagance, the impression would be spread broadcast that, unless a young man had a large fortune at his command, he would undergo the risk

of constant personal humiliation if he entered Harvard University; and hence the tendency would be to have men largely endowed with brains and possessing but a small supply of money choose other universities than that of Cambridge, while young men with more money than brains would seek to enter Harvard University as a congenial social centre. We think that the danger which we have just pointed out is one against which immediate precaution should be taken. In what way those who control the destinies of this University should work to overcome what we believe to be an acknowledged defect is a question which we should prefer not to answer, as it would involve matters of college discipline wholly outside the line of newspaper criticism.—*Boston Herald.*

AT PRESIDENT DWIGHT'S INAUGURATION.—President Eliot, of Harvard, was there, and President McCosh, of Princeton, was there. Both men applauded the inauguration address, applauded cordially, and applauded often; but the entertaining fact was that neither applauded the same sentiments nor applauded at the same time. 'This is a Christian college,' said Prof. Dwight, and the Scotch palms of the venerable old teacher from Jersey clapped and clapped and clapped above all other applause, while the collegian from Cambridge sat calm and undisturbed, looking a little perplexed, perhaps, at the earnestness of his gray-haired Princeton colleague. 'This is a progressive university,' remarked Prof. Dwight. Dr. McCosh's palms lay still, but the Massachusetts educator almost hurrahed his enthusiastic approbation. So throughout the speech went the two good men independently, each in his own view seeing beauties that did not provoke the other to applause, each in turn parading approbation earnestly, but together and in unison applauding seldom, almost never. People observant enough to note the unique tableau found ample entertainment in it, though probably the two distinguished gentlemen themselves never suspected that fact.—*Halston, in the New York Times.*

LACKADAISICAL DAMSELS OUT OF FASHION.—Work is now thought out, and carried out, by those who formerly spent their whole existence in busy idleness. The days of fainting beauties who succumbed at critical moments have happily passed away. With the exercise of the stronger powers of mind and the development of energy in a good cause the physical powers have gained in strength also; the lackadaisical damsel is going quite out of fashion. In the most trying hours when silent endurance and heroic bravery have been needed English women have stood the ordeal with the greatest fortitude; they are fitted for work, and work has come, and has been done. The opportunities for every woman to employ the talents with which God has entrusted her are freely offered. The work of temperance has been advocated by woman's voice throughout England; and the work of organizing charities, and, what is more valuable than charities, schemes for helping those who fain would help themselves if they could, is well done among us. The regular assistance in parochial work finds no fitful workers, soon wearying of their task, but is organized in every part of London by those willing and able to devote some of their time to the needs of others.—*The State.*

THE PLACE OF GRANT'S MEMOIRS.—Personal interest in the first volume of General Grant's military autobiography was but slight, owing to the self-effacement of the author; personal interest in the second is still slighter, owing to the inevitable overshadowing of the General by the events in connection with which he exercised a distinguished, if not the supreme and controlling influence. . . . The remarks which we made on the first volume of General Grant's memoirs by way of criticism, apply with double force to the second. As a contribution to literature, it disarms censure, and excessive commendation would be as much out of place as was flattery in the case of the author when he was alive,—it is plain and straightforward, like himself. Then, while this volume adds materially to our knowledge of the military operations during the Civil War, it cannot be said very seriously to rectify, much less to revolutionize, that knowledge in any important respect. General Grant throws some fresh light on the subjects treated of by the Comte de Paris, General Badaud, and the numerous and well-informed writers in *The Century Magazine*; but his narrative should be regarded as supplementing but not superseding previous—and perhaps more purely military—works.—*The Spectator.*

It is reported that Gounod is at work on a new opera, the libretto of which is founded on Alfred de Musset's comedy, 'On ne badine pas avec l'Amour.'

Amongst the Sheaves.

[T. Westwood, in 'Gathered in the Gloaming.']

AMONGST the sheaves, when I beheld thee first,
That happy harvest morn a year ago,
A thought crept through my heart with sudden glow,
That never sunny mountain top had nurst
A fresher, fairer flower—the very air
Kissed thy dear face and seemed to feel it fair,
And the serene, deep, summer heaven above
Leaned down to gaze on thee with looks of love . . .
Oh! child-like woman, that has kept thine heart
So pearly with morning dew—my flower, my flower!
How passing dull my thought was in that hour,
Owning thy beauty, yet devoid of art
And insight to discern, that by God's grace
My life's best angel met me face to face.

Notes

ENCOURAGED by the success of his romance 'Ruhainah,' the Rev. T. P. Hughes (Evan Stanton) is meditating an account of Oriental mysticism in a pleasing love-story, to be entitled 'Meerza the Mystic.' Mr. Hughes is the author of the valuable 'Dictionary of Islam,' recently reviewed in these columns.

—Paul H. Hayne was buried at Augusta, Georgia, on Friday. Bishop Beckwith delivered a funeral oration. An illustrated edition of his complete poems will be issued immediately by D. Lothrop & Co.

—Macmillan & Co. have in preparation the most elaborate and most useful catalogue of their publications they have ever issued for the American market.

—Lieutenant Schwatka, author of 'Nimrod in the North' and 'Alaska's Great River,' has gone to Alaska again, with Prof. Libbey of Princeton, on an exploring expedition undertaken in behalf of the New York Times. The London Literary World spells the gallant Lieutenant's name 'Icswatka;' and the New York Star calls an Eskimo hunter named Toolooah 'Tayleure'—thereby confounding him with a playwright not unknown in dramatic circles in this city.

—The Concord School of Philosophy is in session.

—Rev. Charles F. Thwing, of Cambridge, with the assistance of his wife, has just completed 'The Family: an Historical and Social Study.' The work is an historical and philosophical study upon the subject of divorce, and other social problems. It will be published by Lee & Shepard.

—Messrs. Scribner are said to have authorized the statement that it is their intention to start an illustrated monthly, to be known as *Scribner's Magazine*. It has not been finally decided when the first number will be issued—whether at the end of 1886 or the beginning of 1887. The proposed magazine will be an entirely new enterprise, and in no way an outgrowth or revival of the old *Scribner's Monthly*, of which *The Century* is the successor. The editor of the new magazine will be Mr. E. L. Burlingame, son of the late Anson G. Burlingame, who has been associated with the firm for a long time in the capacity of literary adviser. Mr. William A. Paton, formerly publisher of *The World*, will be the general manager.

—John P. Morton & Co., of Louisville, have in press an enlarged edition of 'Florida Fruits, and How to Raise Them,' by Helen Harcourt.

—A life of Charles Brockden Brown (1771—1810), with a critical review of his literary work, has been for some time in preparation by Mr. Edward Irenæus Stevenson. Any persons who may possess literary or other manuscripts by Brown, or those who may know of any deposits of correspondence from Brown to his friends, will confer a favor by communicating with Mr. Stevenson, in care of *The Independent*.

—Henry Norman cables to *The Evening Post*:—"Mr. A. V. Dicey, Professor of Law at Oxford, has written a work called 'The English Case Against Home Rule,' which will be published by Murray immediately. Sir James Ramsay has nearly completed a great work on the history of England, from Caesar's invasion to the accession of the house of Tudor. Sir Frederick Pollock, translator of the 'Divina Commedia,' contemplates writing his recollections. He has just retired from the post of Queen's Remembrancer, also from that of Master of the Supreme Court Judicature. Mr. Harry Quilter is writing a history of the pre-Raphaelite movement, which will comprise the series by Holman Hunt, recently published in *The Contemporary Review*. The article on Shakspeare in the new 'Ency-

clopædia Britannica" will be by Prof. Thomas Spencer Baynes (the editor), an authority on the subject."

—The fifth volume of 'California,' in the series of H. H. Bancroft's historical works, will be issued during the latter part of this month, the author's severe loss from fire on April 30th having checked the publication of his work only temporarily. The volume referred to covers the period of gold discovery in 1849.

—George Makepeace Towle has just completed a 'Young People's History of Ireland,' as a companion volume to his recently published 'Young People's History of England.' It will contain an Introduction by John Boyle O'Reilly.

—Cassell & Co. publish a novel of Saratoga summer life called 'Wanted a Sensation; A Saratoga Incident.' The author is Edward S. Van Sile, of the *World*—a graduate of Trinity College, of the class of '84.

—The American Library Association has passed a resolution recommending such legislation by Congress as shall enable libraries to distribute books through the mails as second-class matter at one cent per pound. A committee has been appointed to further such legislation.

—The banishment of the Comte de Paris will delay the completion of his history of the American Civil War. Messrs. Porter & Coates, his publishers, recently received a letter from him, in which he said:—"The present events in France make my prospects of residence here so uncertain that I must be prepared to live for a time without a home. If I am obliged to leave this place for a time, I shall be deprived of the use of my library. In consequence of this I beg you not to send me any more books concerning the Civil War unless some should appear of a very exceptional interest, such as the 'Memoirs of Gen. Grant.' The political events leave me, unfortunately, little time to devote to my library."

—An official of the Turkish Ministry of Education is about to publish a translation of the Homeric poems, and to give a sketch of the influence which Homer has exercised upon the development of Turkish culture.

—D. C. Heath & Co. announce, for October, a book on manual training, by Prof. C. M. Woodward, of Washington University, St. Louis, who, they claim, was the founder of the first manual training-school, strictly so-called.

—Coventry Patmore, the poet, has lately turned his attention from agriculture and landscape gardening to bricks and mortar, it is said. 'Having acquired several houses in quaint old Winchelsea, and in other localities in the neighborhood, it is one of his amusements to drive over to superintend the work of alteration and repair, for he is his own architect and builder. In the High Street of Hastings he has bought considerable property, his purpose being not only to preserve the time-honored memorials of this interesting though narrow and inconvenient thoroughfare, but to establish a Catholic colony around the handsome stone-groined church which his liberality has raised to the faith he embraced some three-and-twenty years ago.'

—A report on theological seminary libraries, by E. C. Richardson, of Hartford Theological Seminary, in the Proceedings of the American Library Association, gives some curious facts. The largest library belongs to Union Seminary, New York, Presbyterian, which has 50,000 volumes. By denominations the figures run: Presbyterian, fourteen, with 203,000 books; Catholic, eighteen, with 186,000; Congregational, ten, with 118,986; Baptist, fourteen, 105,000; Episcopal, twelve, 86,000; Lutheran, thirteen, 52,000; Reformed (Dutch), one, 37,000; Methodist, six, 28,000.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Aldrich, T. B. Prudence Palfrey. 50c.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Balsac. After-Dinner Stories. 50c.	New York: Geo. J. Coombes.
Black, Rev. N. D. Plain Words on our Lord's Work.	Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Brinton, T. L. Disorders of Digestion.	Macmillan & Co.
Clemens, E. J. N. La Plata Countries of South America.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Coulter, John. Mr. Desmond, U.S. A. \$1.	Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Freeman, Edward A. The Methods of Historical Studies.	Macmillan & Co.
Kingsley, Charles. Alton Locke. 25c.	Harper & Bros.
Painter, F. V. N. A History of Education. \$1.50.	D. Appleton & Co.
Reeves, M. C. L., and Read, Emily. Pilot Fortune. 50c.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Rickoff, A. J., and Davis, E. C. Numbers Illustrated. 42c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Tolstoi, Count Léon. War and Peace: Borodino. Tr. by Clara Bell. 2 vols. Cloth, \$1.75; paper, \$1.	W. S. Gottsberger.
Tolstoi, Count Léon. War and Peace. Tr. by Clara Bell. 25c.	Harper & Bros.

Oh! if I only had her complexion. Why, it is easily obtained. Use Pozzon's Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.